LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.] *Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, February 4, 1807.* [No. 7.

SELECTIONS.

We feel a sincere pleasure in an opportunity of inviting our readers to the works of an original writer. They form a rare curiosity in the modern Lyceum, which invention has stocked with monsters, and where plagiarism has exhausted her powers in deforming, what she could not disguise. The essays of Mr. Foster exhibit in all the novelties of genius the vestiges of Nature, which, among the paste-board scenery and painted passions of our mechanic scribblers, is as delightful, as a rude rock and wild oak, among the chinese gardens and smooth-shaven lawns. Mr. Foster has certainly thought much, which is a peculiarity in our times, when books have supplied the place of reflection, and the writings of others have supplanted our own conceptions and judgment. His researches have not been directed by a wish to gain the authority of great names, but to make his own name an authority for his own sentiments. He has not laboured to give form and system to the suggestions of others, but to develope and impress his own sentiments. His energy supports him through an enterprize, in which he demands submission to his doctrines, and enforces his demand by his own resources. Mr. Foster writes as he thinks. He has expressed bold thoughts in the words, in which they were conceived. His arguments are supported by the language, in which they controled his own judgment. His opinions, in the moment of their conception sturdy as Hercules in the cradle, he has not cramped into form and symmetry with the swaddling bands of rhetoric. His style exhibits the manly majesty of a giant in the games, who challenges superiority more from the vigour of his muscles, than excellence in the art. He has all the ease of courage without the grace of taste. The letter we have selected, as a specimen of his style and sentiments, forms a part of his essay "On decision of character." After considering the evils of an unsettled and irresolute mind, and the advantages of a firm and set led purpose, he proceeds to examine the elements, which compose a decided character. The third letter contains part of this examination. (Anthology.

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ON DECISION OF CHARACTER.

THIS indiſpenſable baſis, confidence of opinion, is however not enough to conſtitute the character in queſtion. For there have been many perſons of clear independent underſtanding, who have been ſenſible and proud of a much harder graſp of thought than ordinary men, and have held the moſt decided opinions on important things to be done, who have yet exhibited, in the liftleſſneſs or inconſtancy of their actions, a contraſt and a diſgrace to the operations of their underſtandings. For want of ſome cogent feeling impelling them toward the practical aſſertion of every internal deciſion, they have been ſtill left where they were; and a dignified judgment has been ſeen in the hapleſs plight of having no effective forces to execute its decrees.

It is evident then, and I perceive I have partly anticipated this article in the firſt letter, that another eſſential principle of the character is, a total incapability of ſurrendering to indifference, or delay the ſerious determinations of the mind. A ſtrenuous will muſt attend on the concluſions of thought, and conſtantly, as they are matured, go forth to the accompliſhment of them with a nervous agency which nothing can divert or control. The intellect of ſuch a man is inveſted, if I may ſo deſcribe it, with a glowing atmoſphere of paſſion, under the influence of which the cold dictates of reaſon take fire, and ſpring into active powers.

Revert once more in your thoughts to the perſons moſt remarkably diſtinguiſhed by this deciſion. You will perceive that inſtead of quieſcently regarding the concluſions, which reaſon has undergone ſome labour to form, as an apology for labouring no further, they conſider them ſimply as the preparation for experimental enterpriſe, and as of no more worth, till ſo employed, than the entombed lamps of the Roſicrucians. They cannot be content long in a region of ſuch tenuity, as that of mere intellectual arrangements: they go thither as an ambitious adventurer anciently went to Delphi, to conſult, but not to reſide. You will therefore find them almoſt uniformly in determined purſuit of ſome object, on which they fix a keen and ſteady look, and which they never loſe ſight of, while they follow it through the innumerable multitude and confuſion of other things, of which the world is full. They purſue it, as a ſportſman does a fox, at all hazards, over hill and dale and brook, through wood and brake and every where; and they will graſp it at length unleſs it go into the earth.

The manner of a perſon actuated by ſuch a ſpirit, ſeems to ſay,—Do you think that I would not diſdain to adopt a purpoſe which I would not devote my utmoſt force to effect, or that, having thus devoted my exertions, I will intermit or withdraw them, through indolence, debility, or caprice, or that I will ſurrender my object to any interference except the uncontrollable diſpenſations of Providence? No, I am linked to my determination with iron bands; my purpoſe is become my fate, and I muſt accompliſh it, unleſs arreſted by the ſterner force of calamity or death.

This diſplay of ſyſtematic energy ſeems to indicate a conſtitution of mind, in which the paſſions are exactly commenſurate with the intellectual part, and, at the ſame time, hold an inſeparable correſpondence with it, like the faithful ſympathy of the tides with the phaſes of the moon. There is ſuch an equality and connexion, that ſubjects of the deciſions of judgment become proportionally and of courſe the objects of paſſion. When the judgment decides with a very ſtrong preference, that ſame ſtrength of preference takes place alſo on the paſſions, and becomes intenſe devotion. If this ſtrong preference of judgment continues, the paſſions will therefore be fixed at a pitch of conſtant energy, and this will produce the ſtyle of conduct which I have deſcribed. When, therefore, a firm ſelf-confiding judgment fails to make a deciſive character, it is evident, that either there is in that mind a deficient meaſure of paſſion, which makes an indolent or irreſolute man; or that the paſſions perverſely ſometimes coincide with judgment and ſometimes deſert it, which makes an inconſiſtent or verſatile man.

There is no man ſo irreſolute as not to act with determination in many ſingle caſes, where the motive is powerful and ſimple, and where there is no need of plan and perſeverance; but this gives no claim to the term Character, which expreſſes the habitual tenor of a man's active being. The character may be diſplayed in the ſucceſſive unconnected undertakings which are each of limited extent, and end with the attainment of their objects. But it is ſeen to the greateſt advantage in thoſe grand ſchemes of action, which have no neceſſary period of concluſion, which continue onward through ſucceſſive years, and extend even to that frontier of darkneſs, where the acting ſpirit itſelf becomes inviſible.

I have repeatedly remarked to you, in converſation, the effect of what has been called a Ruling Paſſion. When its object is noble, and an enlightened underſtanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exiſts in great force, that active ardent conſtancy which I deſcribe as a capital feature of the deciſive character. The ſubject of ſuch a commanding paſſion wonders, if indeed he were at leiſure to wonder, at the perſons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but the moſt languid efforts to ſecure. The utmoſt powers of the man are conſtrained into the ſervice of the favourite cauſe by this mighty paſſion, which ſweeps away as it advances all the trivial objections and little oppoſing motives, and ſeems almoſt to open a way through impoſſibilities. This ſpirit comes on him in the morning, as if it darted directly from the clouds, and commands and impels him through the day with a power from which he could not emancipate himſelf if he would. When the force of habit is added, the determination becomes altogether invincible, and ſeems to aſſume rank with the great laws of nature, making it as

that ſuch a man will perſiſt in his courſe, as that in the morning the ſun will riſe.

A perſiſting untameable efficacy of ſoul gives a ſeductive and pernicious dignity, even to a character and a courſe, which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of hiſtory and fiction, an agent of the moſt dreadful deſigns compels a ſentiment of deep reſpect for the unconquerable mind diſplayed in their execution. While we ſhudder at his activity, we ſay with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality,—What a noble being this would have been, if goodneſs had been his deſtiny. The partiality is evinced in the very ſelection of terms by which we refer his atrocity, rather to his deſtiny, than to his choice. I wonder whether an emotion like this, has not been experienced by each reader of Paradiſe Loſt, relative to the leader of infernal ſpirits; a proof, if ſuch were the fact, that a very ſerious error has been committed in the tremendous creations of the ſupreme poet. In ſome of the high examples of ambition, we almoſt revere the mighty ſpring of character which impelled them forward through the longeſt ſeries of action, ſuperior to doubt and fluctuation, and diſdainful of eaſe, of pleaſures, of oppoſition, and of hazard. We bow to the ambitious ſpirit which reached the true ſublime, in the memorable reply of Pompey to his friends, who diſſuaded him from venturing without delay, on a tempeſtuous ſea, in order to be at Rome on an important occaſion: "It is neceſſary for me to go, it is not neceſſary for me to live."

(To be continued.)

AEROSTATION.

Mr. Robertſon, about the middle of July aſcended in a balloon from Hamburgh, accompanied by Mr. Lhoeſt. He aſcended to the height of 2000 toiſes, when the cold became ſo intenſe as to compel them to deſcend, which they did near Winſen on the Luke: but the inhabitants, taking them for ſpectres, fled with the utmoſt conſternation, carrying with them their cattle, &c. and the aeronauts, fearful of being fired at, were obliged to re-aſcend, and continued their voyage to Wichtenbeck, near Zell, having traverſed over a ſpace of twenty-five French leagues in five hours.

Mr. Robertſon's aerial excurſion was undertaken for ſcientific purpoſes; and he has lately publiſhed the following account (being a ſecond) of his journey and experiments:

When the balloon roſe (ſays he) the barometer was at twenty-eight inches. At ſeven o'clock, the machine, which had not been entirely filled, became ſo dilated, that the inflammable air iſſued with a loud noiſe from the lower tube. As this aperture was not ſufficient, I was obliged to open the upper valve. It remained open nearly a quarter of an hour, during which the balloon aſcended in a perpendicular direction: at intervals we threw out ſome ballaſt. The atmoſphere below us was ſerene, but above us was ſomewhat cloudy.

Although we approached the ſun, the heat decreaſed as we aſcended, and we could look at that luminary without being dazzled.—When the barometer was at fourteen inches, it appeared to become ſtationary. The thermometer was at four degrees and a half below Zeno; the cold was not exceſſive, but the ſinging in my ears increaſed, and all our faculties ſeemed to be palſied by a general indiſpoſition. Having taken ſome wine to recruit our ſtrength, we threw out more ballaſt, the mercury in the barometer fell to twelve inches and a quarter. At that height, the cold out of the car was inſupportable, although the thermometer was only one degree below the freezing point. We were obliged to reſpire faſter, and our pulſe beat with extreme rapidity. We could ſcarcely reſiſt the ſtrong inclination to ſleep with which we were ſeized. The bloood ruſhed to our heads, and Mr. Lhoeſt remarked, that it had entered my eyes; my head was ſo ſwelled that I could not put on my hat. In this region, where the balloon was inviſible from the earth, Mr. Robertſon made the following experiments:—

1. Having let a drop of ether fall on a piece of glaſs, it evaporated in four ſeconds.

2. He electrified by friction glaſs and ſealing-wax. Theſe ſubſtances gave no ſigns of electricity which could be communicated to other bodies. The voltaic pile, which, when the balloon was ſet free from the earth, acted with its full force, gave only a tenth part of its electricity.

3. The dipping-needle ſeemed to have loſt its magnetic virtue, and could not be brought to that direction which it had at the ſurface of the earth.

4. He ſtruck with a hammer oxygenated muriate of pot-aſh. The exploſion occaſioned a ſharp noiſe, which, though not very ſtrong, was inſufferable to the ear. It is alſo to be obſerved, that though the aeronauts ſpoke very loud, they could with great difficulty hear each other.

5. At that height Mr. Robertſon was not able to extract any electricity from the atmoſpheric electrometer and condenſor.

6. In conſequence of a ſuggeſtion from Profeſſor Hermſtadt, of Berlin, Mr. Robertſon carried with him two birds: the rarefaction of the air killed one of them; the other was not able to fly; it lay extended on its back, but fluttered with its wings.

7. Water began to boil by means of a moderate degree of heat maintained with quick lime.

8. According to obſervations made, it appears that the clouds never riſe above 2000 toiſes, and it was only in aſcending and deſcending through clouds that Mr. Robertſon was able to obtain poſitive electricity.

[*Europ. Mag.*

Character of Sir William Jones.

Sir WILLIAM JONES was one of the brighteſt ornaments of the eighteenth century, and in ſome reſpects one of the moſt wonderful men that ever exiſted. He died in 1794, after having lived a little more than 47 years. In this ſhort period he had acquired an extent of learning, and a variety and elegance of accompliſhments, which ſeldom fall to the lot of an individual. There were few ſciences in which he had not made conſiderable proficiency, and in moſt his knowledge was profound. His capacity for the acquiſition of languages has probably never been excelled. In Greek and Roman literature his early proficiency was the ſubject of admiration and applauſe; and knowledge of whatever nature, once obtained by him was ever afterwards progreſſive. The more elegant dialects of modern Europe, the French, the Spaniſh, and the Italian, he ſpoke and wrote with the greateſt fluency and preciſion; and the German and Portugueſe were familiar to him. At an early period of life his application to oriental literature commenced; he ſtudied the Hebrew with eaſe and ſucceſs, and many of the moſt learned Aſiatics have the candour to avow that his knowledge of Arabic and Perſian was as accurate and extenſive as their own. He was alſo converſant in the Turkiſh idioms, and even the Chineſe had attracted his notice ſo far as to induce him to learn the radical characters of that language, with a view perhaps to further improvements. It was to be expected, after his arrival in India, that he would eagerly embrace the opportunity of making himſelf maſter of the Sanſcrit; and the moſt enlightened profeſſors of the doctrines of Brahmah confeſſed, with pride, delight, and aſtoniſhment, that his knowledge of their ſacred dialect was moſt critically correct and profound. To a proficiency in the languages of Greece, Rome, and Aſia, he added a knowledge of the philoſophy of thoſe countries, and of every thing curious or valuable that had been taught in them. The doctrines of the Academy, the Lyceum, or the Porch, were not more familiar to him than the tenets of the Vedas, the myſticiſms of the Sufis, or the religion of the Ancient Perſians; and whilſt, with a kindred genius, he peruſed with rapture the compoſitions of the moſt renowned poets of Greece, Rome, and Aſia, he could turn with equal delight and knowledge to the ſublime inquiries or mathematical calculations of BARROW and NEWTON. Beſides all theſe acquiſitions the theory of muſic was familiar to him; he had made himſelf acquainted with the modern intereſting diſcoveries in chemiſtry, and his laſt and favourite purſuit was the ſtudy of botany, in which he made good progreſs, and had his life been ſpared, would probably have been a reformer and diſcoverer. His poetic productions diſcover a vigorous imagination and an elegant taſte. His learning and talents as a lawyer were ſtill more eminent. His abilities and integrity as a magiſtrate and a judge were univerſally applauded; and to crown all, the purity of his life, and the fervour of his piety, as a CHRISTIAN, ſhed a luſtre upon every other accompliſhment.

IMAGINATION,

That fruitful ſource of the beautiful and ſublime, when duly tempered and chaſtiſed by the ſtrict ratiocination of ſcience, throws a faſcinating charm over all the walks of life; unveils, as it were, ſcenes of fairy texture, and draws the mind, with ſalutary influence, from the ſordid cares, and ſelfiſh purſuits, the ſanguinary tumult, and materialized enjoyments of the herd of mankind, to repoſe on all that is good and fair, on all that the Almighty Architect, in animate or inanimate nature, has poured forth to excite the admiration, the love and gratitude of his intellectual creatures.

But ſhould this brilliant faculty be nurtured on the boſom of enthuſiaſm, or romantic expectation, or be left to revel in all its native wildneſs of combination, and to plunge into all the viſionary terrors of ſupernatural agency, undiverted by the deductions of truth, or the ſober realities of exiſtence, it will too often prove the cauſe of acute miſery, of melancholy, and even of diſtraction.

In the ſpring of life, when reaſon and experience are neceſſarily confined, almoſt every object riſes clothed in vivid hues; earth appears a paradiſe, and its inhabitants little ſhort of perfection; alas! as the man advances, as he becomes acquainted with his fellow man, how are all theſe ſplendid viſions ſcattered on the winds! he beholds paſſions the moſt baneful devaſtate this beauteous globe, and witneſſes, with horror and diſmay, its wretched inhabitants immolate each other on the altars of avarice, and ambition. Starting from the dream of youth, he turns diſguſted from the loathſome ſcene; perhaps, retires to commune with himſelf, to pauſe upon the lot of mortality.

To this important criſis many of the characters which adorn or blot the records of humanity, owe their origin. He, who can call religion and literature to his aid, will paſs along the road of life intent on other worlds, and alone employed in this, in accelerating the powers of intellect, and in meliorating the condition of his ſpecies. From the crimes and follies of mankind, from the annals of blood, and the orgies of voluptuouſneſs, will this man fly to no unprofitable ſolitude; here will he trace the finger of the Deity, and here amid the purſuits of ſcience, the charms of muſic, and the pleaſures of poetry, with ſimplicity of heart, and energy of genius, will adore the God who gave them.

EDUCATION.

To educate our children in the beſt improvements and nobleſt virtues of our times, is to perform a duty the moſt ſacred which we owe to ſociety, and its parent. If, as reaſon hopes, and human infirmity daily petitions, He who called man into being is intereſted in his concerns, no event can more propitiate his favour, than the gradual improvement of his creation. If one idea can predominate over others in the divine œconomy, it is reaſonable to believe, that it muſt be the deſire of our moral and intellectual progreſſion. Whoever leaves his offſpring more informed, and more virtuous than himſelf, accelerates this favourite ſcheme of ſupreme goodneſs, and claims the gratitude of ſociety whom he benefits. Vices and follies are always alive to injure that moral order which forms our trueſt happineſs, and moſt laſting intereſt. It is to the riſing generations, that ſociety, degraded by its immediate population, turns its hopeful eye, and from their improvement, earneſtly demands that augmented felicity to which it ardently aſpires. Yes, let youth always recollect that they are the taliſmans on which the advancing perfection of human nature abſolutely depends; every talent they acquire, every virtue they diſplay, haſtens the arrival of that philoſophical milennium, which, though we are at preſent far diſtant from attaining, yet reaſon will always with rapture contemplate, and with eagerneſs promote it.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

CHARITY.

"Thou hadst an induſtry *in doing good,*
Reſtleſs as his, who toils and ſweats for food."
COWPER.

IT is unneceſſary to premiſe that this quotation is the language of panegyric; the eulogium of friendſhip on departed worth. For the character deſcribed is as uncommon as its qualities are valuable in ſociety. Inſtead of making it a buſineſs to do good to others, the general conduct of mankind is a convincing evidence that they are only ſolicitous to become benefactors to themſelves.

From various motives men perform benevolent actions. One is impelled to the habitation of the unfortunate by a deſire of honor. By deeds of charity, another appeaſes his accuſing conſcience, vainly ſuppoſing a ſmall ſacrifice to the poor obliterates the account of his guilt from the record of eternal juſtice. But how few tread the path that leads to the vale of the diſtreſſed with that alacrity, with which you ſee them aſcend to the temple of fame, or the magazines of wealth. How few are *induſtrious* in aſſiſting the diſtreſſed or cheering the hearts of the unfortunate.—Some have ſuppoſed that even thoſe actions, which appear to reſult from benevolence, are the production of ſome ſecret ſelfiſh motive; that Nature, as ſhe gave the finiſhing ſtroke to the creation of man, decreed, "let this creature love himſelf;" and that he has, by no means, been diſobedient to her imperial mandate.

Without entering ſo far into the labyrinths of metaphyſics as to diſcuſs the truth or falſity of this opinion, we think we may be warranted in the concluſion, that, though it may be correct as a general propoſition, yet it cannot be as a univerſal one. At leaſt, there have been many bright luminaries of charity; and admitting that ſome of them have ſhone with a borrowed light, we confeſs we muſt believe ſome of them were real ſuns. Charity, even that "charity which ſeeketh not her own," is not a ſtranger on the earth. Though perfect only in Him, who went about all his life-time doing good, yet ſome others have followed, at a diſtance, his illuſtrious example. To the encouragement of the children of affliction, Charity ſometimes takes up her reſidence in the breaſt of an Howard or a Voltemad, and reconciles us again to human nature. And, though ſomething muſt be charged to the partiality of the Poet, even to Cowper, yet truth delights to do honor to the name of Thornton. His character was given by the public voice, as that of the active Philanthropiſt, and the hearts of the numerous objects of his benevolence reſponded to its truth with grateful applauſe.

Whatever may be the motives which actuate men in their beneficence, it is of the firſt conſequence to ſociety, that they be cultivated and improved. He, who regards honor in beſtowing his alms (though he may well conſider whether it be an honorable and an honeſt motive) has great inducements to liberality. For the Philanthropiſt will be extolled "while gratitude has a reſidence in the human breaſt."

The man, who expects a future reward, may proceed with alacrity in doing good; for "bleſſed are the merciful;" and He, "who hath mercy on whom he will," hath ſaid, "they ſhall obtain mercy." Yet let him reflect that he has nothing which he has not received; and that when he has given all, for the beſt purpoſes, he is an unprofitable ſervant.

He, who has true diſintereſted benevolence, need not be told why he ſhould ſtretch forth his hands to the needy. He needs no promiſe of reward; he will not be animated, if we tell him he ſhall be honored, careſſed and beloved. His heart is his beſt director; and that ever delights to promote the happineſs of his fellow creatures. He waits not to be ſolicited; he ſeeks opportunity to render himſelf uſeful. He conſiders his neighbor's happineſs as precious as his own; and though he obeys the order of nature, which makes it moſt convenient for each to attend primarily to his own intereſt, yet he conſiders himſelf as connected with ſociety, and often foregoes his own advantage to oblige his neighbor. He is *induſtrious* in doing good; and yet Providence has ſo connected him with his neighbor that his own intereſt is advanced, perhaps much more ſpeedily than his, whoſe affections centre in himſelf, and whoſe actions immediately tend to ſelf aggrandizement.—The benevolent man demonſtrates that "true ſelf-love and ſocial are the ſame." He does not practice that cold-hearted charity which gives when it cannot do otherwiſe; nor does he confine himſelf to beſtowing alms and relieving the diſtreſſed. His life is a continued ſeries of actions, of which the ſ[illegible]ever can be capable; his boſom, the reſidence of that ſatisfaction, of which they can form no conception.

ALFRED.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

Quid iſte fert tumultus? Aut quid omnium
Vultus in unum me truces?

HORATIUS.

Saw ye that dreadful ſhape? heard ye the ſcream
That ſhook my trembling ſoul?
E'en now, e'en now, where yon red lightnings gleam
Wan forms of terror ſcowl—
I know thee, Superſtition, fiend whoſe breath
Poiſons the paſſing hours,
Pales the young cheek, and o'er the bed of death
The gloom of horror pours;
Of ghaſtly Fear, and darkeſt Midnight born.
Far in a blaſted dale,
Mid Lapland's woods, and noiſome waſtes forlorn,
Where lurid hags the moon's pale orbit hail:
There, in ſome vaſt, ſome wild and cavern'd cell,
Where flits the dim blue flame,
They drink warm blood, and act the deed of hell,
The "deed without a name."

With hollow ſhriek and boding cry,
Round the wither'd witches hie,
On their uncouth features dire,
Gleams the pale and livid fire;
The charm begins, and now ariſe
Shadows foul, and piercing cries,
Storm and tempeſt loud aſſail,
Beating wind and rattling hail;
Thus, within th' infernal wood,
Dance they round the bubbling blood,
Till ſudden from the wond'ring eye,
Upborne on harpy wing they fly,
Where, on the rude inhoſpitable wild,
Fir'd by the light'nings arrowy ſtroke,
Oft at the balmy cloſe of evening mild,
They're ſeen to hurry round the blaſted oak;
Then riſe ſtrange ſpectres to the pilgrim's view,
With horrid lifeleſs ſtare,
And gliding float upon the noxious dew,
And howling rend the air.
Oft near yon leaf-clad ſolitary fane,
Whilſt morn yet claſps the night,
Some ghoſt is heard to ſound his clanking chain,
Beheld mid moon-beam pale and dead to ſight;
Nor leſs unfrequent the lone trav'ller hears
The ſullen-ſounding bell,
And the dim-lighted tow'r awakes to fears
Of haunted manſion, brake, or darkling dell.

Haſte thee, Superſtition fly!
Periſh this thy ſorcery!
Why in theſe gorgon terrors clad,
But to affright, afflict the bad,
'Tis thee, O Goddeſs! thee I hail,
Of Heſper born, and Cynthia pale,
That wont the ſame rude name to bear,
Yet gentle all and void of fear;
O come, in Fancy's garb array'd,
In all her lovely forms diſplay'd,
And o'er the poet's melting ſoul,
Bid the warm tide of rapture roll,
To dying muſic, warbling gales,
Mid moon-light ſcenes, and woody vales,
Where Elves, and Fays, and Sprites diſport,
And nightly keep their feſtive court;
There, mid the pearly flood of light,
In tincts cerulean richly dight,
Light-ſporting o'er the trembling green,
Glance they quick thro' the magic ſcene,
And from the ſparkling moſs receive,
Shed by the fragrant hand of Eve,
The ſilver dew, of matchleſs pow'r,
To guard from harm, at midnight hour,
The lonely wight, who loſt, from far,
Views not one friendly guiding ſtar,
Or one kind lowly cottage door,
To point his track acroſs the moor;
Whilſt the ſtorm howling, prompts his mind
Dark Demons ride the northern wind,
And, plaining, mourn their cruel doom,
On tempeſt hurl'd, and wint'ry gloom:
Oft too, along the vales at eve,
Shall Sprites the ſongs of gladneſs weave,
With many a ſweet and varied flight,
Soft warbling hymn the ſetting light,
Heard far th' echoing hills among,
Whilſt chaunting wild their heav'nly ſong,
Till loſt in ether dies away,
The laſt, long, faint and murm'ring lay;
Theſe on the lonely Bard attend,
With him the mountain's ſide aſcend,
Or in the valley's lowly plain,
To Rapture breathe the melting ſtrain;
Theſe lift his ſoul beyond her clime,
To daring flights of thought ſublime,
Where, warm'd by Fancy's brighteſt fire,
He boldly ſweeps the ſounding lyre:
Come then, with wild flow'rs, come array'd,
O Superſtition, magic maid!
And welcome then, ſuggeſting pow'r!
At evening cloſe, or midnight hour.*

* *The two ſpecies of gothic ſuperſtition, the gloomy and the ſportive, are, in this Ode, repreſented as the offspring of different parents; the former being produced by Fear and Midnight, the latter by Heſper and the Moon. The idea is founded on a commonly received opinion, among the ancient mythologiſts, that there were two Cupids, one amiable and tender, the ſon of Jupiter and Venus, the other debauched and revengeful, the ſon of Nox and Erebus.*

From the Monthly Anthology.

TO W——— C———, JUN.

.....Tu mitis, et acri
Aſperitate carens, poſitoque per omnia faſtu,
Inter ut æquales unus numeraris amicos:
Obſequiumque doces, et amorem quaeris amando.

LUCAN.

HAIL, abſent friend! not abſent from my ſoul,
Tho' mountains riſe, and floods between us roll.
Though life no more thy little bark ſhould ſteer,
Still mem'ry's pencil would depict thee here;
Her well known art, her darling taſk renew,
And each bold feature brighten into view.

The flow'rs of friendſhip rarely bloſſom here,
Exotic plants are difficult to rear.
Too cold the ſoil, they pine in ſwift decay;
And if too warm, in languiſhment away.
'Tis Merchant's land! Here Genius never ſprung,
Nor flouriſh'd friendſhip, nor the ſons of ſong;
For ſuch *vile weeds*, why turn the wealthy ſoil?
When *golden apples* grow with half the toil.

Though the pale miſer gaze upon his ſtore,
So vaſtly great he could not wiſh for more;
Though mine were all the treaſure that I ſee;
Ev'n though Pactolus flow'd for only me;
Forgive ye Gods, I aſk for greater wealth,
Grant me a friend with competence and health.
The friend, I aſk, is no mechanic tool,
To ſneeze like me, like me to play the fool;
Not a mere poſy, born to give away,
To bloſſom, bear, and wither in a day.
Nor that ſtrange being, counterfeiting man,
Built, for ſome whim, on Nature's narr'weſt plan;
Who loves you dearly as a brother could,
Yet groans in ſpirit, if your jokes are good;
Admires your trifles, yet would kindly hint,
"If he were you, he thinks he would not print."
Pale imp of envy! child of ſelf diſtreſs,
Who gets his death from other's happineſs——
Ne'er may I know that ſycophantic tribe,
Who flatter, perjure, poiſon, for a bribe.
Harpies, who Friendſhip's ſacred fane defile,
Who rob by words, and ruin with a ſmile.
Buſy, like bees, round wealthy heirs they fly,
Extract the ſweets, and leave the flow'rs to die.
Such, ſuch are they who flutter round the great,
Who baſk in pomp, and buz about in ſtate;
Dealers in air; theſe empty fools rely
On one ſad choice, to flatter or to die.

Give me the friend, whom vivid genius fires,
Whom judgment tempers, and the Muſe inſpires.
Though learn'd, yet tinctur'd never let him be
With proud contempt for thoſe leſs learn'd than he.
Though fortune ſpread few favors at his door,
Let not ambition move one ſigh for more.
Frank to his friend; (nor would he fail to pleaſe,
Tho' free from ribbons, careleſs of Degrees)
Brave in his cauſe, when wrong'd by men of ſenſe,
But not tenacious of a fool's offence;
Let him regard not cenſors in the ſtreets,
Nor heed each *manger-puppy* that he meets.
Candid his cenſure all my faults to ſhow,
Nor yet unwilling all his own to know;
Let not his heart, in pitying weakneſs ſpare,
But ſtill let feeling hold a manſion there——
Say, lives the friend in whom theſe virtues ſhine?
Thanks to the Gods, for ſuch a friend is mine!

The following conciſe, tho' ſtriking and correct picture of MAN, *is copied from a publication in the* Criſis, *entitled, "Reflections, excited by the ſeaſon":—*

"Man the ſeraph—man the worm,
Man, of duſt—of glory born,
Man immortal—man the beaſt,
Angel's gueſt—the reptile's feaſt,
Man, the lord of all below—
Man, the mite can overthrow,
Man infernal—man divine,
Heir of hell—of bliſs ſublime,
Man, inſpired by God's own breath—
Man, the conſtant prey of death!"

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